

# THE Pacific Commercial Advertiser

A MORNING PAPER.

RODERICK O. MATHESON

EDITOR

SATURDAY

JULY 23

SUGAR.—96 Degree Test Centrifugals. 4.30c. Per Ton, \$87.20.  
88 Analysis Beets, 14s. 9d. Per Ton, \$103.13.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, July 22.—Last 24 Hours' Rainfall, trace.  
Temperature, Max. 81; Min. 72. Weather, fair.

## ONE THING OR THE OTHER.

The hairsplitting over the plebiscite question must come to an end on Tuesday morning and the voter will then have to decide one way or the other; whether he will vote for the cause of the saloonkeeper or for the cause of the ones who would stop the legalized selling and manufacturing of intoxicating liquor in the Territory.

It is either one thing or the other.

Either your vote will be to permit the saloon to continue in business or to shut it up.

There are a great many people in Hawaii who do not believe that the best method of curbing the drink evil comes in prohibition, but, as the matter has been put up to the voters of this Territory, there is no way whereby anyone can steer a middle course. What is wanted and what must be given is a straight "yes" or "no" to the one question: Do we want prohibition?

If you are opposed to the saloon; if you believe that for the best interests of Hawaii the saloon must go; if you do not want to be in with the same crowd as run the saloons of Hawaii; if you believe that temperance is better than intemperance and that a closed saloon is better than one running at full blast, you must mark your ballot "Yes."

There is no middle course. If you vote at all you either vote for a saloonless Hawaii or a Hawaii suffering under one form or another of license.

Should your vote bring a victory to the saloon, there is no assurance that the present liquor law will be allowed to remain untampered with. The crowd that you will be associated with tried desperately to wipe out the best features of the present law only a few months ago. They had solemnly agreed not to do so, but their pledge held them only until they thought they had the power to do as they wished. If you want to give that crowd more power than they already have, vote against prohibition and strengthen their hand.

If you believe that prohibition is worth trying; if you think that conditions would be improved without the constantly degrading presence of the liquor seller, vote for prohibition.

## COMPREHENSIVE LAW NEEDED.

In Denver the courts have decided that when a man drives an auto, and is reckless in its handling so that a fatal accident results to the passengers, that he is guilty of involuntary manslaughter and he is sent to prison for a year. In Honolulu an auto driver runs down a pedestrian in the streets, speeds away from his victim and only through diligent police activity is captured, and his case is nolle prossed by the judge on the recommendation of the prosecuting attorney because "there is no law against it." Elsewhere auto tragedies are covered by a severe law which empowers the police to charge a chauffeur who runs down and maims a pedestrian with assault. The court is called upon only to decide whether it is established that the auto did strike the pedestrian, and conviction and sentence follow. The question of whether the chauffeur's speed was fast, slow or moderate, is only incidental to the main issue of whether or not the chauffeur while driving the machine, struck the pedestrian. The law in Hawaii compels a victim's friends or family to establish to a hair's breadth certainty the rate of speed at which the auto was being driven and if it was being driven within the speed limits law, convictions rarely follow, and sentences are almost nil. Here the speed must be established, the fact that a pedestrian was maimed being incidental to the establishment of the speed rate. There is absolute necessity on the part of the legislature to give careful consideration to the lack of laws on the question of the use of public thoroughfares by motor-driven vehicles.

## DEMOCRATIC POSSIBILITY.

It will not do to take the endorsement of Governor Harmon for the presidency, by the Ohio Democrats, as merely a good-natured and unmeaning bringing forward of a "favorite son," thinks The Nation. There can be no doubt that the Ohio governor stands as the most promising presidential candidate of his party now in sight. His firm and clear attitude on the tariff, his vigor and honesty and skill as an administrator, his success in running down rascals and making political corruption in Ohio unsafe as well as odious, mark him as a man to be reckoned with. In presenting him before the country the Ohio Democrats called special attention to his own phrase, "guilt is personal." These were the words he used when, as special counsel appointed by President Roosevelt, he urged a legal process against Secretary Morton of Roosevelt's own cabinet. It will be remembered that the delicate Roosevelt would not permit such rough methods to be used against a friend. As he is said to have expressed it, he "would not throw Paul Morton to the wolves." But it is certain that Governor Harmon's rugged honesty and directness on that occasion would be recalled to his credit if he were to be the nominee of the Democrats two years from now. The immediate question is that of his reelection as governor; but national questions certainly will be injected.

Honolulu has a number of first-class tourist hotels, such as the Pleasanton; the MacDonald, the Hau Tree, Vida Villa, the Seaview and a number of others. These places are patronized by tourists in large numbers. Not one of them has a bar or sells intoxicants, yet one of the favorite arguments against prohibition is that no first-class hotel can be maintained without the profits off the wine list and the barroom.

The editor of the Hilo Tribune, finding something in The Friend over the signature of John G. Woolley that displeased him, has advised his readers to vote against prohibition. Allowing for the sake of argument that Mr. Woolley was wrong in what he wrote, does that affect the merits or the demerits of prohibition in any way?

It must be pleasant for the Honolulu druggists to know that the anti-prohibitionists are warning the people that their stores will be worse booze shops than the present day saloon, in the event of a prohibitory law being enacted.

## Development of the Telephone

In 1907 over 11,000,000,000 messages were forwarded over the telephone wires of the United States. In 1902 approximately 5,000,000,000 messages were carried. Thus the increase in favor of 1907 was 124.3 per cent. The census bureau reports the following facts regarding the industry, the years covered being 1907 and 1902:

	1907.	1902.	Inc. Per.
Number of systems.....	22,971	9,136	151.4
Miles of wire.....	12,999,369	4,990,451	165.3
Salaries paid.....	25,298	14,124	79.1
Wages paid.....	19,298,423	9,885,886	95.2
Capital stock and funded debt.....	118,871	64,628	83.9
Income.....	48,890,704	26,299,735	85.7
Operating expenses and fixed charges.....	814,610,094	348,031,028	134.1
Interest on funded debt.....	184,461,747	86,825,826	112.5
Operating expenses and fixed charges.....	128,484,196	61,652,823	108.4
Interest on funded debt.....	12,316,469	9,511,948	29.7

The average salary paid to salaried employees in 1907 works out at about \$702, as against approximately \$700 in 1902, the ratio of gain in 1907 being 9 per cent. The average of wages paid to wage earners in 1907 was a little in excess of \$412, whereas in 1902 the

of interest to note that in 1902 there were 1,318,350 miles of wire devoted to the use of telegraph systems, whereas the telephone systems had 4,990,451 miles; in 1907 the telegraph systems employed 1,570,773 miles of wire, which compared with 12,999,369 miles used by the telephone companies.—Bradstreet's.

## The Little Bridge Over the Little Ditch

Robert J. Burdette, in Los Angeles Tim es.

While we rest at the little wayside tea house and drink tiny cups of Japan tea, which recalls Bill Nye's description of the butter producer by the "Tarheel cow," in that its pallid complexion belies its strength," I stroll into a little field behind the little tea house. It is a real field of produce, not a part of the ornamental garden, ten or twelve feet square, that invites the visitor to linger at the tea table which is the floor whereon we sit and try to look unconscious and comfortable. In this effort we succeed about as well as a man in a dentist's chair.

I have waited too long to acquire the Buddha squat. It was never intended for a people whose doctrine it is to own the earth. Restless America would throw forty earthquake fits an hour trying to learn it. And the straight legs of an Englishman, once thoroughly tied in the bow knot which complete the squat, would forever after have a kink in them like a wet clothesline that had been hastily skinned in the dark. I have sat at ceremonial teas until I had to be pried off the floor with a crowbar, and then had to run my legs through a clothes wringer that night before I could take off my trousers.

Physically, you know, the Japanese are not a tall, straight legged race. They admit this. They have straight enough backs, and good, well-muscled backs they are, and their bodies are normal in length, but they are duck-legged. This peculiarity was successfully concealed so long as they wore clothes like the Jack of hearts, but when they assumed the trousers of the Occident, it was useless to dissemble.

It is possible—indeed, the physiologists declare it to be the fact, that the early physical training of the children shortens and bends the legs. The baby perches on his mother's back, or often on his elder sister's back like a young monkey. Then when he learns to sit up, he doesn't sit up. He sits down, with his legs coiled under him. Long as he lives, he squats that fashion. Even in the growing years, his legs have never a chance to grow. They are cramped under him, so that when the time comes for him to stand, he stands up in a sitting posture.

An American is always ready to leap to his feet when he is sitting down. He is half way up already. The oriental is always ready to sit down when he is standing up. He is already half way down. Very characteristic is the old Arab proverb—"It is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand still than to walk; it is better to sit down than to sit up." There is more of it, but that's enough for my purpose.

Watching the children playing in Yokohama Park one day, romping decorously and playing running games quietly, we were told that this was a feature of "Young Japan," that the children were not wont to play in the older days, but that now the parks were thrown open to them, and they were encouraged to play the running and jumping, the romping games, that their legs might grow to be useful and symmetrical members, rather than continue to be merely folding cushions to be tucked in under one when one sits down.

And yet, when you look at the running legs of your jirinksha man, who was brought up in the old fashion, you are inclined to think that while the psalmist was correct when he declared that "the Lord taketh no delight in the legs of a man," on general principles, he could hardly help being pleased with His own handiwork when He contemplated the running gear of a Japanese jirinksha man. They are short, but very symmetrically developed. And all day long he will trot, trot, trot so steadily you implore him to stop and rest. But he rests himself by keeping on trotting.

I am told by "the man" that it once occurred to an American "sport" to enter a jirinksha man of the best endurance in a marathon, to the end that he might place many large bets at long odds on his "unknown," and thereafter wear diamonds while the other boys wore safety pins. He had no trouble whatever in placing his bets. And when his man showed up at the money end of the marathon he swung into the last stretch in true jirinksha form—serene, unbattered, trotting like a Morgan colt, fresh as a daisy and smiling like a spring morning, and only for another twenty-five miles if he was called upon. But he was not called on to do any more. He had done enough.

The only disappointing thing about his trot down the stretch before the grandstand was its loneliness. It was too solitary to be impressive. When all the other fellows had limped in the crowd thought the race was over, and went home. The jirinksha man is a good, steady, jogging trotter. He is not a sprinter. There is a strain of endurance, a power of calling on a reserve force after the point of exhaustion is reached, that is Anglo-Saxon. Doubtless the jirinksha man would kill the American who should compete with him in the regular daily job in a week. But that wouldn't be a race.

I saw a Japanese wrestler the other day. He was a "champ." He wasn't so tall as President Taft. But he was a heap sight fatter. And I was assured by the local sports that he was in the pink of condition. I didn't attend the "championship" but I am convinced the "champion" would be a mighty hard man to hold if ice tongs were barred. I confess I do not understand the fine points of wrestling as she is rascled. I am like the Irishman who bought a gander for a game cock. "Look at the size of him," he cried exultingly. "All Kerry couldn't upbraid him!"

But why did you interrupt me when I was going to tell what I saw in the little grain field back of the tea house? We will never get along unless you keep quiet and let me tell what I saw in my own direct and straightaway

fashion. I do not like these discursive channels into which I am so frequently led by your irrelevant questions. What I saw was a little irrigating ditch with a little bridge over it.

Now, there was no more need for the little bridge over the little ditch than there was for a field battery to guard the little bridge after it was placed there. For the little ditch was only about six inches deep, so that if anybody had fallen into it, even a baby, which was impossible, as the Japanese babies are all strapped to somebody's back—the victim could have gotten out without swimming. And then the little ditch was only a foot wide, so that only the most expert faller could by any means have fallen into it. A child could step across the tiny trickle. And being an irrigating ditch it was not subject to tidal waves. And had there been any necessity for a bridge, any piece of plank fourteen inches long laid down flat would have spanned the stream.

But that would be the American way. The Japanese way, when placing a bridge when there was no need for one, was to find two bits of limb wood curved by their natural growth into shapely strainers. Then little lengths of bamboo fastened on with a weave of split bamboo, made the floor of the bridge and there you find it—a pretty little ornamental bridge, eighteen inches long, twelve wide, eight inches above the water at the highest point of the arch. Pretty as a picture and enduring as oak, because nobody except perhaps a child at play ever set foot upon it.

Oh, yes, some Americans did. We walked across it and back again, for the simple joy of it. "And then," said the practical member of the firm, "it is an axiom of business that there should be no dead capital about the house. Therefore, since we have the little bridge we must use the little bridge. Else will it be dead capital, impairing the working efficiency of the plant." So we walked over and back, with very little steps.

Whereby we placed the stamp of occidental modernity upon the little bridge and began the Americanization of Japan at another culture point.

Now, why can't we do such things as that—the ornamental little bridge, I mean.

Well, we can't exactly. We don't, save in very exceptional cases, make our bridges ornamental when we have to build them. We build steel bridges. And a steel bridge is about as ornamental as any other skeleton.

One day we passed by a little Japanese farm. And the owner in making a gate that led into his possessions, had found an old log, full of knots with the soft part of the wood rotted out. And he had trimmed it just the least touch or so in the world, and made a cross beam above the gate. That was all. And we fairly chorled with admiration. "Isn't it perfectly artistic!" "How exquisitely Japanese!" "Why don't our farmers do such things?"

Well, suppose some rancher in the San Gabriel Valley should put up such a gate. How we would laugh at it, and how we would deride him. "How perfectly horrid!" "How wretchedly shiftless!" "Couldn't that fellow get a piece of 3x4 and plane it; and then get a pot of paint and make a decent gate while he's at it?" Moreover we would say, "How does that lunatic expect to drive a load of alfalfa under a gate only seven feet high?"

"Well," you say, "now does the Japanese farmer do it?"

Son, the Japanese farmer carries his load of hay or rice straw on his back, or his wife's back.

You see, a three-acre farm and a 10,000-acre ranch somehow call for different kinds of gates. When our civilization is as old as that of Japan, and we have five-acre ranches, and carry our loads of hay on our shoulders, we, too, will make ornamental little gates leading to the alfalfa field.

## MARKSMANSHIP GOOD, BUT GUNNERS ARE DEAD

FORTRESS MONROE, July 22.—Notwithstanding the deplorable accident, the officers in charge of the fortress state that from the results of the practice shooting with the big guns the fact is clearly demonstrated that it would be impossible for a hostile fleet to reach Washington, the guns from the fortress having a power to sweep the seas in every direction with effective shots.

## TAFT LIKES PLAN TO REFORM MARINE CORPS

WASHINGTON, July 22.—President Taft has given his approval to the regulations for the reorganization of the Marine Corps of the Navy. Under these regulations staff officers go on duty wherever the commandant assigns. The secretary of the navy fills any vacancy caused by the absence of the commandant.

## KANEOHE HEARS ABOUT PROHIBITION

What is reported to have been a rousing prohibition meeting was held last night at Kaneohe, at which the speakers were Rev. J. M. Poepe, Rev. W. K. Poi, Hon. J. H. S. Kaleho and William F. Mossman, Jr. The meeting was attended by practically every Kaneohe voter and by a large number of women and children besides, all of whom took a lively interest in the proceedings. During the evening there were a number of musical selections, Mr. Kawan, of Ernest Kani's quintet club, singing. According to the reports and judging by the interest and the applause last night, there is a strong prohibition sentiment among the Kaneohe voters. After the meeting the speakers went on to Waikane, where a short meeting was held. It is probable that another will be held today, after which the prohibition workers will move on in their island campaign.

## DID STAMP IDEA COME FROM COMET?

Or Did the Comet Come From the Stamp Collecting Art? Philatelist Idea.

"I suppose as everything else has been blamed on Halley's comet, that its appearance 75 years ago was also responsible for the invention of postage stamps," said Postmaster General Hitchcock to a philatelist who called on him last week.

"It's all a mistake," writes H. N. Mudge, president of the American Philatelist Society, from Chicago, and an authority on matters pertaining to stamps. "I can't conceive how the comet could have been responsible for stamps any more than that stamps were responsible for the comet."

At any rate, no class of scientists, aside from astronomers, has taken more interest in the comet than the philatelists. Besides turning their attention to those most interesting stamps that illustrate the starry firmament, the reappearance of the comet is not unlikely to result in the issuance of a new stamp that will bear a picture of this "heavenly wanderer."

The only reason Halley's comet is not illustrated on postage stamps, says a philatelist, is that stamps were not in use when the comet made its last appearance three-quarters of a century ago. That was in 1835, and it was twelve years later before the United States Government went into the stamp making and selling business.

Only two or three other countries were ahead of Uncle Sam in issuing the little postal stickers, and the earliest of these was three years after the comet had appeared and disappeared. In those days postage was paid in cash at postoffices when letters were mailed and was graduated according to the distance a missive had to travel.

The reappearance of the comet this year emphasizes the contention of devotees of the stamp science that there is no field of learning into which the study of philately does not lead. For instance, there are numerous stamps which portray the heavens with their wonderful planetary tenants—the sun, the moon and the stars.

Among the most notable of the stamps of this class are those of Brazil which show "the Southern Cross," or Crux Australis, a beautiful constellation with which all astronomers, amateur and otherwise, are familiar. This is the most celebrated constellation in the southern heavens and has found its way into literature through an allusion made to it by Dante.

Of the five stars that compose it, one is of a clear orange color, another very red and the others white. Halley's comet did not favor the Southern Cross with a very close visit on this trip and will not likely do so next time.

The study of the Southern Cross stamps leads the investigator into intimacy with much of the social and political life of Brazil, for the constellation is the emblem of the people and the symbolical basis of a most exclusive order, that, in its way, is akin to the more ancient honorary and military orders across the seas, the decorations of which are so highly prized.

There are a large number of other stamps that show the important stars of the heavens in groups and singly, and now that the world has had Halley's most wonderful comet brought more vividly to its attention, it is thought by philatelists very likely that some enthusiastic little member of the postal union will issue a stamp depicting the "celestial visitor" making its way across the heavens.

## SELF CURE NO FICTION! MARVEL UPON MARVEL!

NO SUFFERER NEED NOW DESPAIR, but will not running a doctor's bill. It is a cure of the most delicate and delicate nature, and economically cure himself without the knowledge of a doctor. By the introduction of THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY THERAPION

THE THERAPION NO. 1—The Sovereign Remedy for discharges, suppurated glands, the use of which does irreparable harm by having the foundation of structure and other organs diseased.

THE THERAPION NO. 2—The Sovereign Remedy for gonorrhea and secondary venereal diseases, ulcers, pains and swelling of the joints, and all those complaints which mercury and arsenic are popularly but erroneously supposed to cure. This preparation purifies the whole system through the blood, and the whole system is made matter from the body.

THE THERAPION NO. 3—The Sovereign Remedy for debility, nervousness, impaired vitality, sleeplessness, distaste and incapacity for business or pleasure, loss of appetite, indigestion, pains in the back and head, and all disorders resulting from dissipation, early excesses, etc., which the faculty so persistently ignore, because so important to cure or even relieve.

THE THERAPION—Sold by principal Chemists throughout the world. Price, 25c. and 50c. per packet. In ordering, state which of the three numbers required, and observe that the word THERAPION appears on British Government Stamp in white letters on a red ground, official to every package by order of H. M. S. H. M. Commissioners, and without which it is a forgery.

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